For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

Or

Or doe but lift this arme, the best
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue m
How this foule rout began, who
And he that is approou'd in this o
Tho he had twin'd with me, both
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim
To manage priuate and domesti
In night, and on the Court and gu
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or le
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse t
Thou art no souldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out fr
Then it should doe offence to *M*
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it
Montanio and my selfe being in sp
There comes a fellow, crying out
And *Cassio* following him with de
To execute vpon him: Sir this Ge
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates hi
My selfe the crying fellow did pur
Left by his clamour, as it so fell ou
The Towne might fall in fright:
Out ran my purpose: and I return
For that I heard the clinke and fal
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which til
I ne're might see before: when I
For this was briefe, I found them c
At blow and thrust, euen as agen th
When you your selfe did part them
More of this matter can I not repo
But men are men, the best sometim
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong t
As men in rage strike those that wi

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